DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVI., No. 20. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1881. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

It is seldom that a life and character are brought before the world in the blaze of publicity in which there is so little to blame as there is in the life and character of the departed President of the United States. Not only strong in body and mighty in mind, but true and pure and tenderly loving, he was in every sense great. His life has been heroic, his public service disinterested. It is well that we should be brought into close sympathy with one representative family in a great nation. We could not, if we would, feel intensely for every one whose sufferings we hear about. We must slur over, perhaps we must be hardened by the many tales of trouble that reach us through the daily telegrams. Here is one case, however, which may stand for all others, with which we have become intimate, and for which we are able to feel as though it were that of a friend acquaintance. Through Mr. Garfield we felt drawn closer to a whole people; in mourning for him we are in communion with a whole people and are drawn toward them in spite of prejudice and national differences. We doubt if the world has ever, since it was made, known such a universal and unanimous mourning. Wherever the English race extends it is of course the more intense, but it knows no limits of race or creed. Wherever the telegraph wire has bound the great round world together there the throb of sympathy is felt. The good will which has its spring in the sick-room and at the death-bed is of a pure and holy sort, and can be freely indulged without misconstruction. Let Canadians then not fail to come forward when occasion offers, and let their neighbors know that they love them. We do not know all the good that can be made to flow from this evil, but some things we can see. It has increased the brotherliness of men. It has done much to expose that sham of human brotherliness called communism, which thinks it a noble thing to kill a ruler. After Guiteau no one will think a self-devoted assassin necessarily a brave man. It will make office-seeking contemptible and help to purge the nation of the greatest remaining reproach upon its constitution, government by office-brokers. It will set a high ideal of citizenship before many people. So much we can see—how much more lies hidden from us?

The above from the MONTREAL WITNESS expresses the great interest which attaches to the late President wherever his life is known. The main features of his history are familiar to almost every one. He was born on November 19th, 1831, in a log house in the township of Orange, Cayahuga County, Ohio, the youngest of a family of four children. When two years old his father died, leaving the young family to be supported by the mother, and the oldest son Thomas, who was but ten years of age. The struggle was a severe one. Thomas ploughed and sowed the small plot of cleared land and the mother cut and split the rails that fenced in the house plot. All worked together as far as able, with trust in God and hope for the future. In time James and the younger children were sent to school, the noble elder brother toiling in humble position that his younger brothers and sisters might obtain the advantages that he could not. James had the usual difficulty that faces young men in choosing his course in life. First he was engaged in a black saltery, then as driver on a canal boat, and then he obtained the position of janitor in Hiram College, over which, in a few years, he was to preside. From Hiram he went to Williams College, and on completing his education returned to be the president of Hiram college. The war breaking out he raised a company of soldiers, was raised by General Burnside to the office of Colonel, and given the task of saving Kentucky for the Union. It was but a step to Brigadier-general; he was the youngest in the army. In 1863, during his Kentucky campaign, he was elected to Congress, and on the advice of President Lincoln accepted. He was the youngest member of Congress. Last year he was elected President; on July 3rd he was shot; in the evening of September 19th he died. But it is not idle to hope that by his death the great work in which he was engaged of correcting the misuse of public patronage will be accomplished more thoroughly than had he lived. He died mourned by the world.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BLESSING OF LIBERALITY.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.—Prov. 19; 17.

"While Pastor Gossner was living with Fenneberg, one day a poor traveller asked the latter to lend him three dollars, that he might be able to continue his journey, as he had expended all his money sooner than he had calculated. Fenneberg at the time possessed only three dollars, but as the poor man asked him in the name of Jesus, and with much importunity, he lent him all he had, even to his last penny. Some time after, when in extreme want, not knowing what to do or how to help himself, he recollected this fact while at prayer; and, with child-like faith and simplicity, he said, "O Lord, I have lent Thee three dollars, and Thou hast not given them back to me, though Thou knowest how urgently I need them. I pray Thee to return them to me."

The very same day a letter arrived containing money, which Gossner delivered to the good man with these words, "Here, sir, you receive what you advanced." The letter contained two hundred dollars which were sent him by a rich man, at the solicitation of the poor traveller to whom he had lent his all.

Fenneberg, quite overcome with surprise, said in his simple way, "Oh, dear Lord, one cannot say a simple word to Thee without being put to shame."—*Monthly Cabinet of Illustrations.*

CONFESS CHRIST.

A missionary among the seamen relates that one night at the close of a prayer meeting, a young sailor, who had only been converted a few nights before, came up to him and asked him to write a few words on a card for him. "What shall I write?" he asked. "Write this: 'I love Jesus: do you?'" After writing the words he enquired what he was going to do with the card. He replied, "I am going to sea to-morrow, and I am afraid if I do not take a stand at once, I may begin to be ashamed of my religion. So I am going to nail this card upon my bunk, and that will let every one know at once I am a Christian."

Temperance Department.

HERBERT ALSTON.

BY MRS. ELLEN ROSS, IN "DAY OF REST."

(Continued).

For the next hour she entertained Herbert admirably. But for that craving within him he would have been perfectly comfortable.

As the evening shades deepened, Herbert grew restless. He rose from his seat and looked out on the quiet lawn, and up to the stars, which began to gleam forth one by one.

'I think I'll just take a stroll and a cigar,' he said, suddenly turning round; and he left the room for his hat.

In about an hour he returned. He was marvellously chatty, and was loud in his praises of the beauty of the evening and of the surrounding neighborhood. Mrs. Wylie suspected nothing. She attributed his flow of spirits to the charming walk he had taken, and felt pleased in believing that the air of Rookby would prove beneficial to his health.

The days passed most pleasantly by. Even Herbert, fastidious and pleasure-seeking as he was considered to be, confessed himself satisfied with his novel position.

Amy, a young lady of seventeen, Mrs. Wylie's only daughter, was to Herbert a most intelligent and cheerful companion. Many were the delightful rambles which they and Frank, a little fellow of eight years, took together. Herbert did not feel the want of the companionship of Walter Wylie, a youth two years Amy's senior, who was pursuing his studies at Cheltenham College. Squire Barton was indefatigable in his endeavors to promote the happiness and pleasure of Mr. Wylie's visitor. His stables were placed at Herbert's disposal; and the beautiful lake on his estate afforded boating exercise.

Herbert had a sort of gloomy fear as to how the first Sabbath would pass off. He anticipated abundance of 'dolorous psalm-singing,' catechizing, and so forth. The sun had just risen over the purple hills, and the night shadows were huddled together for flight in the dusky west, when his slumbers were disturbed by little Frank's childish voice singing cheerfully the hymn beginning with—

'Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise.'

Herbert turned on his pillow that he might better hear the sweet strain. 'Not dolorous, at any rate,' was his mental comment, as he rose to dress.

After breakfast Amy said, 'The morning is so lovely, Herbert; shall we go out at once, and take a walk before church-time?'

'By all means,' returned he, and in ten minutes they were on their way.

'Is it not beautifully quiet here?' said Amy with gentle enthusiasm. 'I think the country looks more charming on Sunday than on any other day of the week. You are so deeply impressed with the fact that it is a day of rest. And on such a morning as this do you not seem to realize the truthfulness and beauty of Grahame's poem on the Sabbath morning?'

'I forget it, Amy. Can you repeat it?'

Amy began—

'How still the morning of the hallowed day.'

Herbert listened attentively throughout. 'It is a fine piece,' he remarked; 'but I suppose there are not many villages that can answer to that description of reverential quiet and peacefulness?'

'I can remember the time when this one could not,' replied Amy. 'A few years ago our village green on Sabbath evenings was the scene of riotous mirth. You would almost have supposed that fairs were held there every Sunday. Papa grieved dreadfully about it, and strove hard to bring about a better state of things. Our Scripture-reader used to go amongst the people endeavoring to persuade them to attend church; papa visited them at their houses, many promised him to amend and come to church, but as certain as the following Sabbath came, the majority of those who promised were found intoxicated, and incapable of listening to reason.'

'But how were they all supplied with the wherewithal?' said Herbert smiling. 'I see no establishment for indulgence.'

'Neither will you see any unseemly disturbance about here to-day,' returned Amy. 'A gratifying change has taken place. I will tell you how it was done. The squire was almost as grieved about the villagers as dear papa, for he is a warm-hearted philanthropist. So one day he came to our house to consult with papa about making greater efforts to remedy matters. It was suggested that the squire should close all the public-houses on his estate. It was done and with happier results than they expected. Our village speedily became a model of order and sobriety. The gratitude of many, especially of the women, to Mr. Barton for removing temptation from their midst was something touching to witness. There were several, however, who rated finely about it; but eventually they saw that he had their best interests at heart in depriving them of facilities for obtaining that which was ruining their bodies and souls.

'Yes,' said Herbert, musingly, 'that was a good work; but if I mistake not, Amy, I saw a public-house at some distance down the village.'

'Standing just at the road side—the Full Moon you mean? We do not consider it in the village. The squire has no control over that: it does not belong to him. He regrets that it does not; for some of our young fellows find their way to it in evenings, to the sorrow of their parents. For his part, I am convinced he would let every house on his estate stand empty for five years rather than allow one of them to be tenanted by a publican.'

'Quite right, too,' said Herbert warmly, his better judgment, not his propensity, prompting him so to speak.

The softly-sounding silvery bells now began to chime for service. Amy turned in the direction of the church.

'We are yet too early,' she said; 'let us walk round the churchyard.'

Passing by mouldering stones beneath which the dead had slept for two or three hundred years, Amy led the way to two little mounds over which pure white snowdrops were wreathed among the fresh, green, springing grass.

'Whose are these?' asked Herbert, as he noticed the peculiar expression of her face.

'Two little sisters,' she replied, and pointed to the stone, on which the dearly-loved names were engraved. 'It is almost a pleasure to think of them,' said Amy quietly. 'It is positive pain to me to look at that grave yonder.'

'Why so?'

'A widow sorrows without hope for the one who lies there,' returned Amy. 'Mr. Lewis was an honest and hard-working a man as any in Rookby, yet he came to a sad and untimely end.'

'Tell me about him, Amy.'

'He was called to the neighboring town on business one day. It was just before the squire prohibited the public-house keeping. Some of the worst men in the village, a publican or two among the number, hated poor Lewis for his sober and domestic habits. So as he was returning home they met him, and by stratagem succeeded in getting him to a public-house, where they made him fearfully intoxicated and left him. His wife came to our house at midnight in a most excited state to tell papa her fears. Two or three kind-hearted men went out in search of him, and in the early morning they found him lying under a hedge about five miles from his home, quite dead. A lighted pipe which he had put into his pocket had burnt through his clothes and a part of his poor body. It was awful.'

An indignant flush rose to the speaker's forehead as she continued: 'His murderers escaped unpunished. If they had poisoned him with arsenic or anything of that sort they would have been dragged to justice; but as it was only intoxicating drink, they were allowed to go free.'

'Such injustice!' muttered Herbert. And he added, after a pause, 'I know such murderers at the present moment—men who call themselves gentlemen, who seem to live only to drag others down to death.' Herbert sighed.

'You must see a great deal of evil in London caused through drink,' said Amy.

'A great deal. I could count up a score or two of young fellows, well known to me, who are wasting talents and splendid fortunes, besides ruining health and character, by their intemperance. I never thought seriously about it till now; really it seems frightful to contemplate.'

'It does indeed,' said Amy, earnestly. 'I wish something could be done to save them.'

By the changing chimes they were reminded that it was time to enter the church; and they forthwith turned to the porch, over which were the rudely-traced words, nearly obliterated by time:—

'This is none other but ye house of God,
And this is ye gate of heaven.'

Herbert had not been inside a church for many a long day till then. The prayer and praise did not prove so irksome to him as he had anticipated; the sermon was decidedly not 'prosy.' Mr. Wylie's style of preaching was so purely natural and free from all affectation; his words so simple and well chosen as to be intelligible to the most illiterate of his hearers, as well as pleasing to the most educated and refined; his theme that which proves universally attractive when faithfully presented—'Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' It seemed to be the preacher's determination to know nothing among them save that, and verily it was enough. The drooping and sad went down to their homes cheered and comforted; the weak ones strengthened; the repentant hopeful; the erring thoughtful.

That Sabbath evening, when alone in his chamber, Herbert sat and wrote to his mother. His heart guided his hand to say, 'I am charmed with the Wylies. I had no idea that it was possible to live so near heaven as they do; yet there is no "cant" about them. They live as human beings should live—earnestly, and in a very atmosphere of love. They never seem restless or dissatisfied about anything; their minds are emphatically at rest. Such rest I have never known, and fear I never shall know. I can only wonder at and admire them. Perhaps your prediction of a three months' sojourn here may prove true; I shall see. I feel an improvement in health from the change of air and scene. This is a charming spot.'

Four weeks glided peacefully by. Soft, balmy days of sunshine, and cold days when rain dripped monotonously down the window-panes, alternated.

One fine morning bluff Squire Barton unceremoniously presented himself at the Grange.

'Horses will be round here immediately,' he cried gaily. 'Come, Amy, prepare! Mr. Alston, do me the honor' (and the farmer-looking gentleman bowed stiffly); 'we have not had such a day for riding since your arrival,' he continued; 'you shall have an opportunity of judging of the excellence of the surrounding country. I suppose it is useless to request your company, sir' (turning to Mr. Wylie), 'and you, Mrs. Wylie?'

'I think I will never trust one of your horses again,' said she, smiling.

'Ah, I see you have not forgotten last summer's exciting adventure. Certainly Diamond was intractable, but he is no longer in my possession. The steed for Miss Amy this morning is as quiet as a lamb. If you would venture to mount him, Amy would gladly take her favorite pony, I am sure.'

'Yes, indeed, mamma,' said Amy, quickly, 'Do come.'

'You must excuse me this morning,' answered Mrs. Wylie. 'Frank is not at liberty to leave home; he is just now studying a difficult subject. By remaining, I may be of service to him, besides receiving the benefit of his studies.'

"Well, well,' said the squire, 'Miss Amy, Mr. Alston and I must do the best we can together. Do not expect us home till late. We shall take an early dinner and rest our horses at Wain's farm.'

In a few minutes the horses arrived. The trio mounted, and cantered off for a day of healthful exercise and pleasure. The sun had long set, and the moon and stars were shining brilliantly when they returned.

Herbert did not go out again for a stroll, as he had done every evening since his arrival at Rookby. Consequently that was the first whole day he had passed without partaking of intoxicating drink.

Nearly a week passed by, and Herbert had not tasted of the forbidden draught. How thankful and how free he felt! Instead of making excuses to get out alone after sundown, he asked Mr. and Mrs. Wylie to take a twilight stroll with him; or, when weather was unfavorable, he cheerfully looked over Amy's portfolio, and put finishing touches to her drawings; and helped her through difficult passages of music.

One morning, after he had been at the Grange about two months, he entered Mrs. Wylie's sitting-room, saying, 'I have been all over the house and garden, and cannot find my guide. We made arrangements for a drive this morning.'

'She has gone up to the schools with a message for the master,' replied Mrs. Wylie. 'I fear she will not be back till noon.'

'Then I will go for a ramble alone. Should I lose myself and return no more, do not be alarmed,' said Herbert, laughingly.

'There is no fear of that,' returned Mrs. Wylie.

The luncheon hour came and he had not returned. The afternoon wore away. It was half an hour behind the time at which Herbert knew they dined, and Mrs. Wylie grew uneasy. It was getting dusk. She stood at the window which opened on to the lawn, looking out, when she perceived Herbert coming toward it. But how was he coming? For a moment she seemed paralyzed with sorrow and astonishment; but recovering her presence of mind she turned quickly to Amy, and said, in a decided voice, 'Run upstairs to your room, Amy darling, and remain there till I come to you. I will not be long.'

Amy, always accustomed to 'unanswering obedience,' rose and left the room. Mr. Wylie looked up from his book for an explanation of the strange and sudden command.

'Here is Herbert,' began Mrs. Wylie, nervously; and at that moment he stepped through the open window. He was intoxicated. Mr. Wylie rose; his face flushed with surprise—not with anger. Herbert steadied himself by the back of a chair, and returned the good minister's fixed gaze.

'Well, old fellow!' he said at length.

Mrs. Wylie laid her hand on his arm, 'Herbert,' she said, kindly, 'where have you been, dear? What have you been doing?'

'I've been over to town,' he answered in a thick voice. 'Met, purely by accident, a college chum that I've not seen since I was at Oxford. We had a world to talk about, so I dined with him at a hotel. He drove me more than half way back, or I shouldn't have been here till—till morning.' Mrs. Wylie looked inexpressibly grieved.

'Herbert,' she said, 'shall I show you to your room? We can talk over this to-morrow."

(To be Continued.)

MILLER AND DISTILLER.

BY ADDISON BALLARD.

Passing by a flouring-mill the other day I saw a cloud of black dust flying from a window in the roof. It was thrown out by a contrivance with an ugly name, but which does handsome work. The wheat, as it is brought to the mill, has impurities clinging to it which must be got rid of before it is ground. This the conscientious miller is careful to do by passing it through the machine which blows away the dust, dirt, sand, grit and smut, dropping into bins for grinding only the pure, wholesome grain.

The distiller reverses the process He turns his smut machine end for end. All that is wholesome and nutritious in the grain he deliberately destroys, retaining for manufacture and market that which is not only in-nutritious, but poisonous and destructive. It is as if he blew out into the air the solid, healthful grain, while he kept and put off on his customers only the vile and ruinous refuse.—*American Messenger.*

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.—I leave to society a ruined character, wretched example, and memory that will soon decay. I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives as much sorrow as humanity in a feeble and decrepit state can sustain. I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I well could bring on them. I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness, a shame to weep over at my premature grave. I give and bequeath to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a low character and the remembrance that their father was a monster.—*Church Union.*

Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

1 COR. 15: 57.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE NEW SAILS.

BY S. V. D. M.

It was a delightful day for indoor enjoyment, from the fact that it had rained steadily for several hours, beginning early in the morning. I had been writing a long time. All was still in the house, save the low, monotonous hum of my faithful maid in her room, and the ticking of the clock. Suddenly the stillness was broken. The front door was thrown widely open. I heard quick footsteps in the hall below, and then coming up the stair. "O, auntie! are you so very, very busy? I do wonder if you couldn't please stop writing for a few minutes?" cried my little ten-year-old nephew, running into the room.

"Certainly I can stop writing for a few or many minutes. What can I do for you, Georgie?" I asked, while laying down my pen.

"Well, auntie, you see these, and 'his," he said, holding up two bits of white muslin in hand, and a soiled bit—almost to blackness—in the other. "I want two new, clean sails made out of these two white pieces. This dingy sail is only for a pattern to go by. You won't mind if this pattern to go by is all so stained, will you? You see the boat upset. 'Tis just dry water and ground on it, so you needn't be afraid it will rub off on your hands, auntie."

Of course I didn't "mind," nor wasn't "afraid." Georgie sat beside me, watching with intense interest every stitch I took in his all-important sails.

"I don't s'pose I ought to have felt so badly when nobody would make them; and I don't s'pose I ought to trouble you either," he said, apologetically; "but now is the time for boats when there is so much water. Do please look out of this window, auntie. Isn't that a beautiful, beautiful brook? But we will have to hurry with our sails, for before we know it all the lovely brooks in the streets will have run down in the sewer. Then, farewell boat sailing."

I looked out, but I saw no "beautiful, beautiful brook." I only saw a muddy, turbulent stream of water in the street gutter.

"I wanted mamma to make them," he continued, "but she said she wouldn't be bothered with me, because I was forever wanting something fixed or made. She said she wouldn't touch my pattern to go by, anyway. Mamma is so terribly neat. Then, I ran in the girls' room. They wouldn't make them neither. They said that brothers were continually asking sisters to make things that girls were not interested in. I do think Fanny might have made them. She was only reading a book. She wouldn't leave off, for she said she was just where the girl was to get married or buried, I forget which. I begged Anna to help me with them. She was knitting with some worsted work. She said she hadn't any time to spare. I think she could easily have stopped knitting the worsted work for a few minutes, don't you? She wouldn't. Well then I ran down to Cousin Mary's. (You know she lives so near by, and I was in such a hurry.) She was stitching on the sewing-machine; and she said she couldn't stop to make me any 'sails, veils, pails nor nails.' So I thought I would run way up here as fast as ever I could and see if you wouldn't make them. I was most sure you would."

It was only twelve or fifteen minutes' work. When they were finished, Georgie grasped them and ran quickly down in the street. In a moment after, he rushed back into the house and, coming half way up the stair, cried out:

"O, auntie! I forgot all about to thank you. If you should ever want any errands done, I'll do them for you. I'll do them willingly, because you are all alone."

While sewing, with great rapidity, on Georgie's sails, it was all I could possibly do to appear cheerful and keep the tears back. He never mistrusted anything of the kind, however, for I was, seemingly, as interested in them as he. But the very moment he went out of the room, I laid my head on the writing-desk. Then, when he said, "—— because you are all alone," I wept bitterly; for I was thinking of a tall, manly form, of a bearded face in a distant city, and I could not but exclaim, "O! that my boy were a boy again!"

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet;
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.

Mother, sister, those of you who have your little boys, your brothers with you, don't, I pray you, check the harmless impulses of their nature. Readily assist—and become interested in—all their innocent amusements and pleasures. An English writer once said: "When I was a boy, I wanted taffy, but had no money. Now I have money, but want no taffy."

Mother, when your boy is a man—and O! how soon that will be!—he'll not ask you to make sails for his tiny boat. He'll not beg you to help him look for or re-cover his ball. Your closets, boxes and bureau drawers will not be rummaged through and through for "a very stout kind of string." A new style of top you'll not be urged to buy; neither will you be urged to look for some gay stripe of calico or muslin for the tail of a kite. No demand on your purse for a slate or lead-pencil. Paper cockade hats you'll not be coaxed to make. Four in number it may be. One for himself, the others for his three playmates. No, no; you'll sit as I now sit alone, undisturbed; and mayhap will tearfully say as I now say, "O, that my boy were a boy again!" And I bethink me of companions three that played with my boy

. . . the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago.

How dear were they to his heart, and how dear they grew to mine! They likewise have flown from the parent nest, and have built one for themselves here and elsewhere. Aye, even beyond the Rocky Mountains the sound of one of their voices is heard. Positions of trust and usefulness they, too, are filling.

Mothers, be careful to readily assist and become interested in all your boy's innocent amusements and pleasures. You will thereby not only minister to his present and future happiness, but in the coming years you will rejoice that you improved your opportunity. For if God spares your lives, the time is not far distant when he will be beyond not alone "childish things," but, alas! equally beyond your counsel, sympathy and companionship. Then, your home, like mine to-day, will be painfully quiet. And when that time comes—as come it will—you'll wish you could hear your boy rushing in the house or up the stair asking for something to be "fixed or made." Gladly would you be "bothered" with him; and as gladly make his little sails, if not altogether immaculate his "pattern to go by," Let not your golden opportunity pass away unappreciated. Give it its due estimate and value. Ah! fail not in this; enjoy your boy while you may. And when he leaves the home-harbor and spreads his impelling sails, may he not only have the memory of a cherished and happy childhood, but through your watchful care and judicious training, with God's blessing, health to man the oars of his life-boat, a good education for a ballast, and purity of heart as a pilot or compass to guide him as he voyages out on the sea of life. Mother, be wise in time!—*Christian at Work.*

BABY'S NAP.

First, see that they are well fed—a half-satisfied stomach is a sure enemy of repose—and warmly wrapped up, especially that the feet are warm, not hot or perspiring, and that the room is rather cool and darkened a little. Their brains and eyes need darkness just as ours do, and what refreshment do we get from sleeping with sunshine or lamp-light shining right into our faces? If it is evening, and you use your sleeping-room for your sitting and sewing-room, be sure that the air you've breathed all day is "let out" and fresh air "let in" before baby is put to bed for the night. Take him into another room, close the register, and open the windows and doors for ten minutes. By that time the air will be thoroughly changed. Then close the windows and open the register, and in a short time you can bring the little one back into a fresh yet warm room. It would save many a restless night, if this simple rule were oftener observed.

All this granted; the matter is comparatively easy. If you nurse your baby, as I hope you do for your own comfort and his too, he will probably drop quietly asleep in your arms; if you feed him, then lay him gently down in his crib. If it is winter, have the pillow slightly warmed (not heated through and through before a hot register), but just enough to take off that unpleasant chill of cold cotton. He will probably nestle his little cheek into it and go right to sleep. If he cries a few minutes don't mind it—he will soon stop; but, if he screams violently and seems quite positive in his own mind that he don't like it, take him up and "cuddle" him to your warm cheek and rock him a few minutes (don't walk with him, out of regard to your own back, for he is growing heavier every day); "mother" him a little, and ten chances to one the little head will drop slowly down, the warm breath come steadily and regularly against your neck, and you will sit with the little form nestled close and warm. Nobody but a mother knows just how sweet it is to have one's own baby calmly asleep in one's arms.

Now, all this seems like a great ado about nothing, perhaps, but when you think just what their sleep is to them, it is very important. They are in a new and wonderful existence; they are learning how to use their muscles, their eyes and their ears; their little brains and nerves are taxed severely. They are not only keeping up the waste of their bodies as we do, but rapidly adding new material, in a few months doubling their weight. Now, their sleep renews their strength, especially keeps their brains and nervous system from being overtaxed. A child that sleeps well is almost always a healthy child, and *vice versa.*

To get the full benefit of this sleep, they should have favorable conditions for it, warmth, quiet, darkness. They should not be permitted to be exhausted by excessive crying, nor disturbed by noise, but should be kept in a calm and comfortable state all over. Yet, I have heard mothers speak approvingly of putting their babies to sleep in the same room where they were talking over their sewing, and where other children were at play, and all the bustle and stir of three or four people busy at various occupations. "Oh! they get used to it, and it's so much bother to take them into another room!" A mother should not ask herself what is the easiest way to get along and have the most time for ruffling her dresses or making calls, or pickling and preserving, or scrubbing paint, but in what way she can give her little one the best start in life, and insure the harmonious development of all his powers and faculties. And several hours out of the twenty-four spent in healthful, restful sleep will go a long way toward the "sound mind in a sound body," which you wish your child to possess when he grows up.

So you see there's a philosophy in baby's nap as well as in some other things. I believe that Sir Joshua Reynolds's motto applies to the case of children as well as to painting pictures: "God does not give excellence to man, save as the reward of labor." If you want to have healthy, well-developed children, it will be only by that wise attention to detail, which is the very soul of success in everything.—*Mary Blake, in Scribner's Monthly.*

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING RICH AND POOR.—A woman is rich who lives upon what she has. A woman is poor who lives upon what is coming. A prudent woman lives within her income, whatever that may be, and saves against a rainy day. "Keep your expenses within your income, and you will avoid the temptation of doing many shabby actions. You cannot burn the candle at both ends."

TALKING ABOUT HOME DUTIES.—It is in bad taste, to say the least of it, to make domestic economy and home duties the constant theme of conversation. They are the private employments of a woman; she must study other things in order to entertain her relatives and friends. Those who talk most of their duties are generally those who perform them most imperfectly.

READING AND THINKING.—Some girls we know are very industrious readers, and think that by this means alone they are bound to grow very wise. Now it is of no use to read and accumulate facts if we do not also think. Better indeed to think and not read, than to read and not think.

WHIPPED POTATOES.—Whip boiled potatoes to creamy lightness with a fork; beat in butter, milk, pepper, and salt—at last the frothed white of an egg; toss irregularly upon a dish, set in the oven two minutes to re-heat, but do not let it color.

TO KEEP JELLIES FROM MOULDING.—Pulverize loaf-sugar and cover the surface of the jelly to the depth of a quarter of an inch. This will prevent mould even if the jellies be kept for years.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE

First.

I am rocked in the arms of the sea,
Or tossed on the flowing main;
Then fold my white wings in some peaceful bay,
And am bound to the earth with a chain.

Second.

There's a fruit with its hue of gold
From the land of the tropical sun;
I make it a cooling draught to hold
To the lips of the thirsty one.

Whole.

With the tread of many feet,
And the changeless roll of the drum,
With a deadly volley my foe to greet,
Mid the flash of steel, I come.

HIDDEN MYTHOLOGY.—EIGHTEEN GODS AND GODESSES.

At last when I saw the cupidity of Jan. using a pollock for bait, I said, Sir, enter the boat! How Nep turned up! and cried, "Ju, now cast off!" "Have a pear?" "Tan't a luscious one," said Adon, "is it!" Grace surely will provide better than those Sharpies do, or I only need to speak to the fat Esmars, and Rome dates and pans of pears will abound. While the mercury's like the tissues of flame, we shall enjoy them.

FLOWERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. An adjective and a boy's name.
2. A girl's name slightly altered, and a mineral.
3. A small animal and a girls name.
4. A weapon and a flower.
5. A spice and a consonant.
6. A cunning animal and an article of dress.

J. M., aged 12 yrs.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

To a stamp add a letter and have a legislative assembly; transpose this and it becomes the usual condition of a horse in a stable; transpose again, it is a motion of the sea; behead this and you have a small fish; to it add a letter and it is a term in the ancient Roman calendar; transpose this it becomes a party; transpose once more and it is the plural of the word with which we began.

APOCOPE.

From a word of five syllables meaning "intrepidly" omit the last syllable each time, and have, noble; a kind of verse; an illustrious man; a pronoun.

PUZZLE.

A hundred and fifty, but nothing between,
Let five hundred follow, and then miss, I ween;
You can surely this Christmas feel just what I mean.

BLANKS.

Fill the blanks with words pronounced the same, but spelled differently.

1. He was pleased with the —— at first ——.
2. Anna wore a——upon entering the——
3. My —— was interested in watching a busy little ——.
4. "I have ——," my friend said, "in a —— covered book."
5. The —— said, "I am young I am still a ——.
6. James asked me, "—— you buy the hard ——?"
7. My sister —— her girl with a —— to buy some ——.
8. I found that Katie —— all about the —— attraction at the hall.
9. My little —— has already —— some wax flowers.
10. The coal —— was a —— convenience.
11. My —— will not go while the —— is so obscured.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF OCTOBER 1.

Answers to Conundrum Picture.—1. Calves. 2. Buoy (*boy*). 3. Two feet (*two-thirds of a yard*). 4. Land. 5. Plants. 6. Heel (*heal*). 7. Horn. 8. Re-pose. 9. Sole. 10. Bank. 11. Pause (*paws*). 12. Grazing. 13. Cheek. 14. Hide. 15. Hares (*hairs*). 16. Dog's ears. 17. You (*ewe*). 18. Lashes. 19. Band (*on hat*). 20. Fleece. 21. Skye (*sky*). 22. Nails. 23. Blades (*of grass.*) 24. Back. 25 Ate Sheep (*8 sheep*). 26. A dog. 27. Limbs. 28. Ram. 29. Arms. 30. Sleepers. 31. Mussel (*muscle*). 32. Pear (*pair of trees*). 33. Knees. 34. Temples. 35. Mouth. 36. Crown. 37. Face. 38. Sheep's heads. 39. Joint. 40. Pupils. 41. Lamb. 42. Rest. 43. Tales (*tails*). 44. Phlox. (*flocks*). 45. Teeth. 46. Neck. 47. Ears. 48. Locke (*lock of hair*). 49. Bow (*bow on hat*). 50. Eyes. 51. Lying creatures.

CARED FOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK THE CONQUEROR," "DICK AND HIS DONKEY," &c.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER III.—*(Continued.)*

DVENTURES BY THE WAY.

The waggoner looked at her, and then he eyed Phil from head to foot. "She's but a little one," he said at last, "and she looks as if she'd about walked enough, I'm thinking. I'm going as far as Brickton, so if you want to go there too, get up both of you; my horses won't feel your weight much, and it will make all the difference to yon little girl whether she walks or rides."

Phil thanked him gratefully, and Susie was lifted into the waggon, which was full of large bales of goods, but there was a seat in front large enough to hold three or four persons. Phil offered to walk, but was told to jump up, and then the driver mounted also, and they set off, though at a slow pace. He put a good many questions to them as to whence they had come and whither they were going. He seemed astonished at hearing they meant to walk all the way to London, and asked how their friends could allow them to set off on such an expedition.

Phil said they had no friends in England, unless it was a relation they hoped to find near London, and for that reason they were going there straight from the ship in which they had come from Australia; for that as their mother had died on the voyage, it was, they thought, the best thing to do, otherwise they must have gone to the Union.

"And where did you sleep last night?" asked the man.

"We were very snug in a shed with straw in it," said Susie; "we never woke once all night."

"And where shall you lie to-night?" he enquired.

"We don't know," said Phil; "but we shall find another shed, perhaps."

The driver said no more, but whistled to his horses. If, however, the children thought he had ceased to think about them because he began to whistle a tune, they were mistaken. He was pondering over a little plan of his own for them for that night. He had half-a-dozen children at Brickton, and a wife, and a cottage which was scarcely big enough to house them all. "But surely," thought he, "they can pack for one night, or if it comes to the worst we might make up a couple of shake-downs in the waggon, after the goods are taken out. As for supper, we can spare what will be a good meal for them, and be none the worse for it; but I must consult my missus about it first."

Such were honest John Goodman's thoughts as they jogged on. In due time the spire of Brickton church appeared in sight, and soon after they entered the streets of a small town and drove through it to the other end and some way beyond. Then the waggon stopped at the door of a small house, and John gave a loud whistle which brought out a tribe of children to welcome their father home after an absence of a few days.

PHILIP ENQUIRES HIS WAY OF THE WAGGONER.

They stared at Phil and Susie as they sat in front, but John bid them tell mother to come and speak to him. In a moment a tidy, pleasant-faced woman appeared, and her husband had a whispered conference with her, during which Phil jumped down and lifted Susie to the ground, feeling that the time had arrived to thank the good-natured waggoner for the lift he had given them and say good-bye. But John had no intention of letting them go off houseless at that time of the evening, and his wife at once entered into his hospitable wishes.

"We can manage," she said. "They look nice little dears."

Her husband instantly called out, "I say, you two youngsters, you needn't go hunting about for a shed to-night. Here's my missus says she'll put you up and give you supper, and then you'll be all right and fresh for a new start in the morning."

"Come in, my dears," said Mrs. Goodman; "you'll be welcome. It'll be a tight fit, but we shall do very well. Bring them in, Polly; don't stand staring at them in that way."

Phil thanked them so gratefully that he quite won Mrs. Goodman's heart on the spot. Two of her boys were by this time in the place from which the brother and sister had descended, and one much younger scrambled up and got between his father's knees that he might have the enjoyment of holding the reins and imagining that he was driving, for the goods in the waggon had to be taken to a warehouse a little farther on.

"I shall be ready for supper when I get back," John called out; "look sharp, Polly." And Polly, a tall, rather stupid-looking lassie of about twelve years old, gave a nod, and a grin of satisfaction at her mother, because they had an unusually good supper awaiting him in the shape of a joint of roast pork, which had been sent to them as a present from Mrs. Goodman's mother, who kept a small farm and had just killed a pig.

"I'm glad it's to-night you've come," said the good woman, as she led Susie by the hand into the house, where the fragrant smell of roast pork and onions would have created an appetite on the spot, even had our young travellers not been already feeling very hungry. "We got quite a feast, thanks to my mother; and there's plenty for you as well as for us."

A few questions put and answered made the kind-hearted woman as interested in her young guests' history as her husband had been. She told Polly to take Susie into a little room shared by her and a younger sister. "I'll make up a bed in the corner in no time," she said, "and the lad can sleep with Joe and George. Their bed is a good-sized one, and will hold three at a pinch."

However shy the young Arnolds might be at first, it was impossible for them not soon to feel at ease in this kind, hospitable family. Susie was delighted at being allowed to help Polly to set the supper-table, and Phil won the affections of a little fellow of seven, by showing him how to cut a whistle that would make a real good sound out of a piece of cane that he had labored at in vain himself, by way of arriving at the same result.

When the father and his young ones returned, they all sat down to supper. The roast pork was done ample justice to by everybody except the baby, who was fast asleep in its cradle. Early hours were the order of the house, and as every one would be moving by five next morning, they went to bed very soon after supper. Polly and her sister thought it a charming variety to have Susie to share their room, but conversation with her soon ceased, for she was asleep in five minutes, and the others followed her example.

The next morning a frugal but plentiful breakfast was pressed on Phil and Susie at an early hour, and then the business of the day began. The mother and Polly washed up the breakfast-things and then prepared for washing the family linen. The worthy waggoner went off to the warehouse to get his orders, and the children got ready to go to school. Phil and Susie felt sorry to leave the busy, happy household, but they too had their day's journey

before them; so they said farewell, with many thanks for all the kindness that had been shown them. Phil asked Mrs. Goodman to accept payment for their night's lodging, but she bade him put back the money in his pocket.

"You are more than welcome," she said. "Keep your money for them as has the heart to take it from you; but take care you don't get it stolen, for you'll want all you've got before you get to London. I'd be glad to feel sure you'd get there safe and find your cousin. It's a terrible long journey, but there's a good Providence as takes care of us all, and He'll keep you from harm."

Then giving them both a motherly kiss, she bade them farewell.

The worthy waggoner shook hands heartily with them before he went to his work. "I wish I could give you another lift," said he, "that I do, with all my heart, for I've taken a liking to you both. But my business lies on a different road to yours. Perhaps, though, you may find some one else who will take you a bit on your way. Success go with you wherever you are."

Polly went a little way with them, to show which was the best provision shop. By Mrs. Goodman's advice they bought some slices of bacon as well as bread; and she enriched their basket with a bottle full of milk and some little cakes. So they went off well supplied as they began their third day's journey. But we must not be too minute in relating all that befell our young pedestrians. Fortunately for them, the weather was very fine, the season being more than commonly dry and fair. They went steadily onward, occasionally sleeping in an empty shed or hovel, or sometimes being kindly invited to pass the night with a cottager who happened to come into contact with them, and felt pity for their lonely, friendless condition.

It was very pleasant to turn aside sometimes into the woods to search for flowers and to peep into birds'-nests, which they never disturbed. Not unfrequently they were offered milk to drink at milking-time in the fields, for in that part of the country it was more usual for the milkers of the cows to go to them with pails and stool than for the cows to be driven home for the purpose. Phil's stock of money of course diminished gradually, but he had still plenty left, and he had too vague an idea as to how long their journey would be to feel uneasy lest it should not hold out. He had to make an inroad into their funds to buy a pair of boots for Susie, as hers were become too old and thin for such constant walking; and seeing some that were just her size in the window of a village cobbler, he bought them. When they were fitted on, the cobbler's wife took them into her kitchen and made them eat a good meal of bread and cheese before they proceeded on their way.

But on one occasion our young couple were able to become benefactors themselves. They met a poor man and woman who were also journeying on foot. Their destination was to a place about half way between Plymouth and Exeter. The man seemed weak and suffering, and his wife looked pale and anxious about him. They were sitting down by the side of the road, and when Phil asked if he could help them, she shook her head and said, "No"—that her husband was suffering from actual want of nourishment, and would not be better till he had something to eat.

"But," said Phil, "there is a village near we have just left, which you will reach directly, and there is a shop in it where you can buy what you like."

"Ah," said she, "what is the use of a shop if you have no money to buy food with; and we have spent our last penny?"

Phil and Susie looked at each other. The same thought came into the minds of both. Phil pulled out his purse, and, taking a shilling from it, he gave it to the poor woman, saying,—

"We can spare this very well; will you take it and buy some food?"

"Bless you!" said she, "who would have thought of getting help from such as you? But God will reward you and bring you friends in time of need." And the poor man thanked them as well as his weak state would allow.

"Phil," whispered Susie, as they were walking away, "shall we give the poor man some of our bread to eat? I think that will do him good directly."

"Right, Susie," said Phil; and they opened their basket and took out two rolls and two slices of bacon, and gave them to the man, who began to eat eagerly. Then they ran off, not waiting for more thanks.

"How nice to be able to help them!" said Susie; "how glad I am you thought of the shilling, Phil!"

"And how glad I am you thought of the rolls and bacon, Susie!"

They had given away their breakfast for the next morning, but they arranged to do with half a roll and half a slice of bacon for supper, and leave the rest for breakfast. Nor did they at all regret what they had done when supper and breakfast time came. The dear children knew something of the meaning of the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE IN A GIPSY CAMP.

Hitherto all had gone well with the young Arnolds in their pedestrian tour. The settled fine weather they had enjoyed since they left Plymouth could not, however, last always, and when at length the weather broke, and it began to be rainy and damp, everything seemed changed, and Susie's spirits failed her. It was dreary work sitting under a thick tree or in a shed whilst it rained in torrents. Then when it ceased for a time and they could go on, the ground was muddy, and tiring to walk over.

"Oh, Phil," said poor Susie, one day, "don't you long for *home*? We have been walking so long, and yet home never comes," and then she fairly burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Susie dear," said Phil, almost choking in his efforts to keep back his own tears; for he, too, was longing for home. The poor lad felt intensely lonely.

Somehow, everything seemed to be against them on this day. No village came in sight, though a man they met had told them they would get to one almost directly. They had quite emptied their provision-basket, and they were getting cold and hungry. Phil had made up his mind to look out for a lodging for the night, and to pay for it. The same person who had told them they were near the village, had mentioned a widow woman who let out beds to travellers for a very moderate sum. But though they went on and on, they came to no houses, and the road had grown narrower till it was little more than a lane. There were cart-ruts in it, but the grass was growing between them. Suddenly it flashed across Phil's mind that they had lost their way, and had long ago left the high-road, but owing to the extremely gloomy evening and the deepening twilight, he had not noticed it before. He now remembered that there had been a point where two roads met, and he felt sure he had made a mistake and taken the wrong turning. Had it been earlier in the day it would not greatly have signified, as they could easily have retraced their steps; but it was almost dark, and Susie was tired, and it would be a long way to toil back to the high-road, and then on to the village. Perhaps this lane led to some farmhouse or cottage. The ruts showed that carts were driven through it pretty often. So he thought it would be best to go on in hopes of coming to some dwelling.

"I can't go any further, Phil—indeed, I can't," said Susie, whose courage forsook her when she found they had gone wrong, and were getting further away from the looked-for village every moment. "I am so cold, and so tired."

"Sit down here," said her brother, putting the little travelling-bag down for her to sit on; "and I will go on and see if there is any house near."

He took off his own great-coat and carefully wrapped it round her in spite of her remonstrances, and ran off. He had not gone far, when he heard a dog bark, and he thought there was a sound of voices. Certainly he smelt a strong smell of wood-smoke. A little further and he came to an empty covered cart, and near it was a tethered horse grazing by the roadside. A donkey was pulling some thistles out of the hedge with an energy that showed how great a luxury he considered them. All these signs of life were most welcome to Phil, who thought there must be a farm close by.

Great, then, was his surprise when, on rounding a sudden and abrupt bend in the lane, he came in sight of a large fire and two tents, their openings being placed opposite the fire, so that its warmth would penetrate into the interiors. A large pot was hanging over the fire, suspended from three tall rods of iron, which were fastened at the top by a ring and strong hook. Two or three figures were moving about in the tents, and several children were round the fire, heaping on fuel.

(*To be continued.*)

A FAITHFUL HOUND.

The story of a dog is given by the Reading (Pa.) *Times and Dispatch*: The owners of the faithful hound are a man and wife, each sixty years of age. He was born deaf and dumb, and she became deaf when about six years old. He converses in the sign language, and she is able to hold extended talks with a few intimate friends by watching closely the movements of their lips. She also somehow manages to answer callers' inquiries. They have a pet dog that is an essential element in their domestic life. As neither of the old people can hear, the dog, becomes by its superior instinct the means of communication. When the door-bell rings, it will go up to its mistress and pull her dress, then run before her toward the door. The dog has learned to know the time of the arrival of the milkman who serves them, and can distinguish the sound of the milkman's bell. The dog will sit in the attitude of attention, with head up and ears thrown forward as soon as it catches the first note of the bell, and will wait until the milkman has driven in front of the house before it moves. At the ringing of the bell it will go to its mistress, and by signs or pulling her dress announce the milkman's arrival, She fully understands its movements, and preceded by the dog, goes to the milk-waggon, obtains the day's supply and returns to her domestic duties.

"THAT," said a reclaimed drunkard, pointing to a large family Bible that lay upon his table, "was the first thing I bought with the money saved from drink. It never was here before, but it has been my comfort ever since!"

The Family Circle.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave,
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
But the angel of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is gone,
And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves;
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown,
That great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On grey Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell the battles won;
And after him lead the masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the nobles of the land,
Men lay the bard to rest,
And give the sage an honored place,
With costly marbles drest,
And in the minster transept,
Where the light like glory falls;
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned walls.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This, the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

In that lone grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall burst again, O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Bethpeor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still!
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we can not tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

—*Selected.*

THE GIPSIES' GRAVE.

"Mamma, what is the reason grandfather goes to look at that little old gravestone near the large window of our church every time he comes to see us?" said James Guthrie to his mother. "I saw him do it when he was here last summer, and this morning he went there again and cleared away with his stick the long grass that hid the inscription on the little old gray stone. When grandfather came back to the manse, I stole down to see what was written on that large tombstone, but could only spell out these words, 'Hans and Gretchen, sleeping in Jesus.' May I ask grandfather about it?"

"You may, Jamie, when you see him at leisure; that is the gipsies' grave. But grandfather is coming with me for a drive now." And Mrs. Guthrie stooped to give her son a parting kiss.

After tea the subject was opened, and a promise of the story obtained; so when the table was cleared, grandfather drew his arm-chair near the window, while James placed himself upon a footstool near to listen.

"It was just such another evening as this, Jamie, a lovely autumn evening, many years ago. I was reading in the study, for you know papa's study used to be mine before they took me away from the pleasant country to be a minister in a large town; and, happening to raise my eyes, my attention was attracted by two strange-looking figures that glided along the road—a girl, whose form was partly hidden under a red cloak, and a boy, who seemed somewhat older and carried a small pack, like a tinker's, on his back. There was something strange in their appearance and movements. As twilight faded into night I lost sight of the children, resolving, however, to make every enquiry next morning about the strangers. But next morning they were nowhere to be found; and a pair of bantam fowls, prime pets of the little people of the manse, were missing also."

"That wicked girl with the red cloak must have stolen them," muttered James.

"I believe she did, though not unaided by her brother. This was only the beginning of many thefts of which they were guilty; but they always showed such craft as not only to elude justice, but often even to cast suspicion on innocent persons. In fact Hans and Gretchen were the pests of the neighborhood."

"Hans and Gretchen! the very names I read on the gravestones to-day."

"These were the only names the gipsy brother and sister ever gave each other. Twelve months rolled on, and the people of the village began to grow tired of having their things stolen by Hans, even though he could mend kettles and cups so as to make them almost like new. The silly, wicked persons who at first were glad to pay Gretchen for telling their fortunes became weary of her lies and as willing as their honest neighbors to get rid of the gipsies. But how this was to be done was the question.

"Where could a home be found for these poor strangers except in a prison? Their tastes were wild, and their habits dirty; their hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them; indeed, the only good point in their characters seemed to be a great affection for each other. Various attempts were made both by myself and others to coax the gipsy children to school; but what were promises of teaching and clothing to those who had never felt the want of either? It was quite another person than the village schoolmaster or the clergyman who was to be their teacher. Your dear grandmother had a little niece, a child of eight years old, that lived with us. Our little Jessie had quiet thoughtful ways beyond her years, and often of a summer's evening she used to slip away from the noisy game of her cousins to sit under the shade of that spreading tree in the corner of the garden, and read page after page of that large old book."

"The Bible, I suppose," said Jamie, holding down his head a little, as if conscience told him his Bible was not read so diligently.

"Yes, my boy, it was the Bible; and strange to say, our little pet used to read it aloud even when alone, as if to understand it better. One evening Jessie stole away to her favorite seat, and began reading a very long story; it was that beautiful one, Jamie, about the death of our Lord Jesus. She strained her eyes to finish it, and then, closing the book, began to sing in a very solemn voice—

'How sweet to know, while here below
The Saviour's love and story;
And then, through grace, to see His face,
And live with Him in glory.'

"She had scarcely ended, when a dark face peeped over the wall at her side. Jessie gave a scream of surprise! 'Hush, hush!' whispered the strange visitor; 'I am Gretchen, and will do you no harm. I heard all you were saying. Who were you talking so much to?'

"'I was not talking to any one, only reading in the Bible how Jesus died for sinners.'

"'Who was He?' asked Gretchen; 'I never heard of Him.'

"'Never heard of Jesus!' cried Jessie in a tone of the deepest pity. 'Oh, poor Gretchen! how can you live without Him?'

"'Tis poor enough living we get here certainly, because everybody watches so sharp. But what could he do for us?'

"Jesus is the Son of God; he made everything, and can do everything except sin. He always lived above the sky, Gretchen, but he pitied the people that lived on earth, because they were very wicked and very unhappy. You know sin is such a bad thing, Gretchen, that God must punish it; but Jesus came and died for our sins. Some of the people he came to see were not glad to see him; they hated him and killed him. That is what I was reading about.'

"'Then he is dead,' cried Gretchen; 'I thought you said he was alive and could do everything for us.'

"'He is alive, up there beyond the stars,' replied Jessie; 'and if we believe on him with all our hearts, he will forgive our sins and teach us to do what he bids us, and then we shall go up to see his face and live with him in glory.'

"'You were singing about that,' said Gretchen. 'Tell me when you are going; perhaps they would let Hans and me in too.'

"'We cannot go to see him until we die,' replied Jessie; 'but we can learn about Jesus from the Bible, and talk to him, and grow like him even while we are here.'

"'I do not want to die,' said Gretchen with a shudder; 'but that's a good story; may I come another evening and listen to it again? I have a story of my own too, but not like that; mine is all sad—sad; you would not wish to hear it.'

"'Poor Gretchen,' sighed Jessie, 'I will ask aunt to let you come every evening to learn the Bible. But see, there are lights in the parlor, I must run home. Good-night, Gretchen.'

"The gipsy girl's strange visit was, as you may fancy, the subject of a great deal of talk in our little home circle that night. At first we resolved that Gretchen should not be allowed to come again; but Jessie pleaded so earnestly for the poor unhappy gipsy who knew nothing of Jesus' love, that we yielded to her request. So it was finally settled that Jessie might read aloud in her favorite corner as usual, and that Gretchen should be welcome to listen. We resolved, however, to watch our dear little girl carefully, lest in her efforts to do good she might get harm.

"The long summer evenings shortened into chill autumn ones; still Jessie read and Gretchen listened, while her interest appeared to grow deeper every day as the Bible truths touched her conscience and heart. There was one eye watching her with more than a father's tenderness. It was the eye of God, and he was about to show the untaught gipsy two great sights in the looking glass of His Word. I wonder has Jamie seen them?"

"What are they, grandfather?"

"The sinner all black with sin—the Saviour altogether lovely, who can take sin away.

"One evening when the leaves were fast fading, Jessie's garden seat was empty. Gretchen waited in vain; at length, tired and disappointed, she dropped on her knees and repeated a simple prayer which Jessie had taught her. A week passed; still the gentle reader did not appear, and Gretchen became every day more uneasy and sad. But you will wish to know whether she liked the Bible stories because they were new to her, or if she was really sorry for having been so naughty, and wanted to try to be good. Well, Gretchen said very little about what she felt to any one except Hans, but every one in the village wondered at the complete change in her conduct without knowing the cause. No more complaints were made about lost chickens, and many missing articles were restored to their owners; but though stealing and fortune-telling were alike given up, both brother and sister contrived to exist on the honest profit of their tinkering. At first these efforts to do right were very hard, but every step became easier; and before winter had passed the astonished villagers heard that Hans and Gretchen attended a school every night, and saw them decently dressed in church on Sundays.

"Gretchen soon learned to read with ease, and so steady was her conduct now that a good old woman who was nearly blind offered her a room in her cottage, in return for which she only asked the gipsy girl to tidy up the little place, and read a chapter for her morning and evening in her dear old Bible.

"Years passed, and the brother and sister worked on together, no longer a pest, but a blessing to the neighborhood, until the fearful cholera spread its black wings for the first time over our land, when Hans and Gretchen were among its earliest victims. They had given, by a holy life, the best proof of a real change of heart; and when the cold bodies of the poor strangers were laid in the grave, we had a stone erected to their memory, and were not afraid to put the inscription you read this morning, 'Hans and Gretchen, sleeping in Jesus.'"

"But what became of Jessie: Did she die, grandfather?"

"No, my boy, she was long ill but did not die. Many pious children grow up to be good men and women. Go ask your mother does she know anything about her."

Jamie guessed the secret, and flung his arms around his mother's neck. Her name was Jessie.—*English Paper.*

OVER SUNDAY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"Not enough to last over Sunday, you say?"

"No, by to-morrow night we shall have literally nothing to eat in the house."

John Burnham glanced from his mother, who looked very pale and worn, to his boots, which were also worn and somewhat pale, for the blacking box had been empty days before, and John had drawn so heavily on the reserve stock in the blacking brush that it would no longer make a mark.

John Burnham was tired out. It is no exaggeration to say that he had walked hundreds of miles in the last two months in search of work, and now, though he pretended to make light of the situation as well as his own fatigue, his patience was nevertheless almost as dilapidated as his boots.

Three months before this story opens, John had left college to attend the funeral of his father, who had died very suddenly. After this sad event it was discovered that all their worldly possessions would have to be sold for the benefit of their creditors. This was a hard blow to Mrs. Burnham, who knew nothing of her husband's financial affairs, and supposed there would be money enough in the future, as there had always been in the past, for luxuries as well as necessities. There were only three members of this family—Mrs. Burnham, John, who was a few days past nineteen, and Gertrude, a little girl of ten.

"Nothing for over Sunday?" John repeated. "Of course there must be something for over Sunday. As far as I can recollect, there has never been a Sunday without something to eat, and I presume day after to-morrow will be like other Sabbaths."

"Poor people sometimes pawn things, I have been told," Mrs. Burnham remarked, plaintively, "and if worst comes to worst, there are your grandmother's silver spoons, John."

"I'd as soon pawn my grandmother's tomb-stone!" John replied, with a touch of temper. "No, no, mother, don't let's talk of that yet," he continued, "we'll manage for over Sunday and all the rest of the days, see if we don't."

"Oh, John! it grieves me so to think that you had to leave college, you with your talents and your taste for learning," Mrs. Burnham remarked, it seemed to her son, for the millionth time.

"I do wish you would try to skip that, mother," John replied, in his earnestness falling into college slang. "It is all right or it wouldn't be so. I might have grown into a prig or a spoon, or something worse. It is so easy, mother, to be something worse."

"But, my dear boy, it is a great disappointment to you," the lady replied. "I heard you say once that you would rather have finished your course, than to have been heir to a million."

"What has that got to do with it?" John responded. "For all I know, my preference may be in utter opposition to true development. That which we dislike may be the only treatment that is good for us, and, mo-

ther, if this principle isn't true, there is nothing true in the universe."

For answer, Mrs. Burnham sighed. She didn't quite know what to make of her son. He had made few professions, but when it came to the test, his philosophy answered the purpose. Hers had only been good for prosperity. The exigencies of poverty had tried it and found it wanting.

John fell to brushing his clothes, and his mother sighed again.

"There is a lingering remnant of aristocracy about my appearance, mother," he began again, in a lighter tone, "which is very much against me when I go in with the fellows who strike the big licks of the world. They regard me as if I were a sort of *lusus naturæ*, and when they find out what I want they seem to think it is prodigiously funny. I'm off now," and the young man kissed his mother affectionately. "If I am not back at the usual time don't be worried, because in that case I may have struck a job. In our condition, mother, there is something very depressing in punctuality."

There never was the slightest sadness or indecision in John Burnham's manner when he was with his mother, but now, at a safe distance from the house, he stopped to consider which way it was best to go. He felt as if he had used up everything in every direction, and for a moment a beggarly, shame-faced feeling took possession of him. It seemed to him as if the very stones of the street he had travelled over so much knew of his poverty and his inability to lessen it.

"This'll never do," he said to himself. "The question is, have I, or have I not, a right to look for a living? If I have, what is there to be ashamed of? There must be something radically wrong in a fellow's make-up to get into such a pickle as this."

John had turned down a side street in order to have his growl out, as he told himself, and by so doing to exorcise the demon of shame that had taken possession of him. It was the first time in all his long and exhausting struggle that he had ever felt ashamed of his poverty, or too tired to keep on trying for work. Physical fatigue was no doubt the cause of this mental unrest, but the determined young man fought like a hero, and of course came off conqueror. As he walked slowly along trying to decide in which direction he should turn his steps, a man passed him with some circulars. John watched him a moment, and noticed that the announcement which had seemed important enough to call public attention to was in almost every instance thrown carelessly into the yards instead of being left at the houses. He picked up one and found it to be an advertisement of the opening of a new grocery store, with a list of articles and their prices, which were certainly very cheap.

"I'll go for this," he said, and throwing off his fatigue as he might discard a coat he was tired of, started himself for the street and number.

"Have you any route which hasn't been worked?" he enquired of the proprietor.

"Why?" the gentleman asked.

"Because if you have I want to take it, and if I don't bring you some customers it must be because folks don't read the circulars."

"All right," was the hearty answer, "we can give you a job; but I shouldn't suppose you had been used to this business."

"Never mind about that," said John, "I want the work, and I'll do it to the best of my ability. If I work till to-morrow afternoon, I shall hope to be paid at that time, on account of needing the money for over Sunday."

It was a small sum, but it would keep the wolf from the door, and there would be plenty of business, John found, for a part, at least, of the following week. His request was acceded to, and the young man loaded up with the advertisements.

"I guess you'll get along," the proprietor remarked, encouragingly, and John hurried off to his new, and certainly not very congenial, employment. He had noticed every thing about the store, and those connected with it. His intuitions were keen, and his impressions reliable, and feeling sure that this was an A 1 grocery store, he determined that he would make other people think so also. Not a circular went astray on this route. They were not left to blow about the streets, or litter up the sidewalks. Whenever he rang a bell, he handed in the notices with a few pleasant words calling attention to the popular prices, and in almost every instance was sure he had made the proper impression.

"Oh! but, John, such hard and such disagreeable work!" his mother exclaimed when she found out what he had been doing.

"And so anti-respectable!" he laughed. "'Despise not the day of small things,'" he continued. "I have heard you read that sentence many times, and also, 'whatever your hands find to do, that do with all your might.' I, you see, am getting the meaning out of those things which folks generally slide over so glibly, and I think I shall live to see the day that I am glad of it."

A paragraph in Sanscrit would have been about as intelligible to Mrs. Burnham. She shook her head sadly, but refrained from discouraging remarks.

All the next week John carried circulars from house to house. It was hard work, and took all the nerve and courage he possessed, but not once did he falter or complain. Toward the end of the week the proprietor encouraged him by telling him that he had had more calls from the houses he had visited, than from all the other routes put together.

When the young man received his pay on Saturday night, his employer said pleasantly:

"Burnham, I've been wondering if you couldn't buy goods."

"I should like to try," John replied.

"You have got more grit and thoroughness in you than any man in my employ, and I don't intend to lose sight of you," the gentleman went on. "You've got brains as well as grit, and if you can be contented to be my righthand man, I want you."

After this there was a good salary, peace and plenty, all brought about by the young man who wasn't too proud to peddle circulars, and who literally "did with all his might whatever his hands found to do."—*The Methodist.*

WORK VERSUS POVERTY.

In a Prussian roadside inn, one hot summer's day, several men were smoking and drinking. The room was dirty and uncared for, and the men, who looked quite in keeping with it, were railing at the ways of Providence, and contrasting the luxury and idleness of the rich with the misery and hardships of the poor.

During the conversation a stranger, a young man, came in to eat his bread and cheese while his team rested in the shade before the inn. For a time he listened silently to the talk, and then joined in, saying, "You must strike!"

"Strike against what?" asked the peasants.

"Against poverty!" answered the young man, "and the weapon with which to strike is work."

"Well said! sensibly spoken!" laughed the peasants.

"It would have been well for me had I always been as sensible," continued the stranger; "but I used to be an idle rogue. I was strong and healthy, but I would not work, and if now and then I was obliged to do anything, I was off at once to the alehouse, and like lightning the money was out and the brandy was in. I went from place to place—that means, that everywhere I was turned away; for no master wants a loafer about. I soon had enough of farm service, and then I went about to fairs and public houses as a fiddler. Wherever anyone would hear me I scraped my violin; but with all my scraping I was never able to get a whole shirt on my back. Soon I grew tired of music and then tried begging. I went up and down the country, but most doors were shut in my face. People said a healthy, young fellow like I was, ought to work. That enraged me. I grumbled that God had not made me a rich man, and I was envious of all who were better off than myself. I would have liked to turn the world upside down that I might have been able to lord it over the rich. One day I went into an inn, sat down in a corner, and began muttering my begging speeches. At a table not far from me sat a gentleman (he is, as I afterward heard, a writer of books); I kept glancing at him, for I thought he would be sure to give me a good alms, and so he did. I'm spending it still."

"What was it?" asked the men, who had listened attentively.

"He came up to me and asked me about my early life. I told him I had been a farm servant and sent from place to place—in short, I told him everything. He listened quietly, shook his head, and at last said, 'Show me your hands!' Astonished, I held out my hands; he examined them all over, pushed up my shirt sleeves and again shook his head.

"'What powerful hands! What strength there must be in those arms!' he said. 'My lad, you must join in the war.'

"'In what war?' I asked.

"'In a war against your misery?' he exclaimed in a loud voice. 'You fool, you imagine you are poor—poor with such hands! What a mad idea! He only is poor who is sick in body or in mind. You are healthy in body and in mind. What! with such hands, poor! Set your wits to work and reflect upon the treasure God has given you in your strong, healthy limbs. Recover your senses, and march forward in the war.'"

"Bravo! That was very good," laughed the peasants.

"And so I joined in the war," continued the young man. "I looked for a place, and now I am a farm servant as before—nothing better and no richer; but I am content and industrious, and I have served the same master these five years, and shall stay with him until one of us dies."—*Selected.*

A FRENCH SABBATH.

In a letter written by Dr. Guthrie to a friend, dated from Paris in the year 1827, he says:—"It is on the Sabbath more than any day that I think of you all at home: the awful scenes that obtrude themselves upon my view suggest by contrast the very different circumstances in which you are all placed. When I see the tricks of the jugglers, and hear the music of the musicians, and observe the busy traffic of the merchants and the reckless levity of the people on the Sabbath-day, I think of the quiet streets of Brechin; and the stillness of our house is brought sadly to my remembrance when I hear in this one the light song instead of the sacred hymn, and see, instead of the Bible, the cards and dominoes upon the table, and the people, instead of repairing to the church, driving off every Sunday evening to the playhouse. I confess to you that frequently I am heartily disgusted with Paris, and wish that I were home."—*From Memoirs of Dr. Guthrie.*

A DOG'S FRIEND.

A gentleman owning a kitchen-garden remarked that a basket which held a quantity of fresh carrots got quickly emptied. He asked the gardener, who said that he could not understand it, but would watch for the thief. A quarter of an hour had not elapsed when the dog was seen to go to the basket, take out a carrot, and carry it to the stable. Dogs do not eat raw carrots, so further enquiry was necessary. The observers now found that the dog had business with a horse, his night companion; with wagging tail, he offered the latter the fruit of his larceny, and the horse naturally made no difficulty about accepting it. The scene was repeated until the carrots were all gone. The dog had long made a favorite of this horse. There were two horses in the stable, but the other received no notice, much less carrots.—*Methodist.*

PRAYER AND LESSONS.

A girl at a London boarding-school was remanded for repeating her lessons well. A schoolfellow rather idly inclined said to her one day, "How is it that you always say your lessons so perfectly?" She replied, "I always pray that I may say my lessons well." "Do you?" said the other; "well then, I will pray too." But, alas! the next morning she could not even repeat a word of her usual task. Very much confounded, she ran to her friend and reproached her as deceitful. "I prayed," said she, "but I could not say a single word of my lesson." "Perhaps," rejoined the other, "you took no pains to learn it." "Learn it, learn it!" answered the first. "I did not learn it at all. I thought I had no occasion to learn it when I prayed that I might say it.

A PRAYING CHURCH is the bulwark of the pulpit. A laboring church is the right hand of the pulpit. A dead church has been the death of many a pulpit. Mr. Spurgeon says: "Have you ever read 'The Ancient Mariner?' I dare say you thought it one of the strangest imaginations ever put together—dead men pulling the rope, dead men steering. But do you know I have lived to see that time; have seen it done? I have gone in churches, and have seen a dead man in the pulpit, a dead man as deacon, a dead man handling the plate, and dead men sitting to hear."—*McArthur.*

Question Corner.—No. 20.

ANSWERS to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

229. At what place in the journey of the Israelites through the wilderness were they attacked by the Amalekites?
230. At what place did Moses meet with his wife and father-in-law?
231. What great sin did the Israelites commit while they were encamped at Mount Sinai?
232. How many men were put to death as a punishment for this sin?
233. When did the supply of manna, on which the Israelites lived in the wilderness, cease?
234. What place did the Israelites next attack after they had captured Jericho?
235. Why did they fail in their first attempts to take it?
236. What woman judged Israel?
237. By what heathen king were the Israelites oppressed during her life?
238. What was the first cause of Saul's jealousy of David?
239. Who asked the question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth"?
240. Which three of the apostles were from Bethsaida?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The country to which Jacob fled after he had fraudulently obtained his father's blessing.
2. The hill in the wilderness of Ziph in which David hid to escape the wrath of King Saul.
3. A city of Lycaonia where Paul and Barnabas were so persecuted that they were obliged to leave.
4. The city to which they departed, and where Paul healed a man who had been a cripple from his birth.
5. A town to which Paul was conveyed by the Roman guard, to escape the conspiracy formed against him by the Jews to waylay and put him to death.
6. A town of Lycaonia, the birthplace of Gaius.
7. A city of Asia Minor where Paul preached daily for two years in a public building used for a school.
8. A church to which salutations were sent by Paul, with a desire that his Epistle to the Colossians should be read also to them.
9. A city in Macedonia where resided Lydia, who, being converted under the ministry of Paul, opened her house to entertain the apostles, constraining them to partake of her hospitality.
10. The last in order of Scripture canon of Paul's epistles (sent from Italy by Timothy).
11. The country where Paul declared he had "fully preached the gospel."
12. The tribunal before which Paul was brought when in Athens, for preaching against the idolatry of its inhabitants.

These initials form the name of a city in which was a church—one of the seven addressed by Jesus in the Revelation of St. John.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 18.

205. The book of Daniel.
206. In the books Ezra and Nehemiah.
207. Nebuchadnezzar, Babylon. Daniel iii.
208. By Judges.
209. Eli and Samuel. They were the high priests.
210. Forty years. 1 Kings ii. 11.
211. Hebron. 1 Kings ii. 11.
212. Michal, Saul's daughter. 1 Sam. xviii. 27.
213. Balaam. Num. xxii. 28, 30.
214. During the reign of Jehoram. 2 Kings iii. 5, 6. 2 Kings vi. 25.
215. Elisha. 2 Kings iv. 38, 41.
216. Everything was made ready before it was brought there. 1 Kings vi. 7.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Babylon. Immortality. Barak. Love. Emerald.—*Bible.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 17.—Maggie D. Becket, 11; Alex. George Burr, 10.

To No. 16.—A. Dennick, of Rochester, Kent, England, 11.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

Nov. 20.] LESSON VIII.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

Lev. 25: 8-17.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 10-12.

8. And thou shalt number seven sabbaths of years unto thee, seven times seven years; and the space of the seven sabbaths of years shall be unto thee forty and nine years.

9. Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month, in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land.

10. And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof; it shall be a jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family.

11. A jubilee shall that fiftieth year be unto you: ye shall not sow, neither reap that which groweth of itself in it, nor gather the grapes in it of thy vine undressed.

12. For it is the jubilee; it shall be holy unto you: ye shall eat the increase thereof out of the field.

13. In the year of this jubilee ye shall return every man unto his possession.

14. And if thou sell aught unto thy neighbor, or buyest ought of thy neighbor's hand, ye shall not oppress one another.

15. According to the number of years after the jubilee thou shalt buy of thy neighbor, and according unto the number of years of the fruits he shall sell unto thee:

16. According to the multitude of years thou shalt increase the price thereof, and according to the fewness of years thou shalt diminish the price of it: for according to the number of the years of the fruits doth he sell unto thee.

17. Ye shall not therefore oppress one another; but thou shalt fear thy God: for I am the Lord your God.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.—PSALM 89: 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—All true freedom is God's gift.

INTRODUCTORY.—According to the sabbatic system that runs through the whole Hebrew economy, every seventh day was a day of rest for man and beast, every seventh year a year of rest for the land, when no crops were to be sown or reaped, 25: 1-7, and every year after each seventh period of seven years, a year not only of rest for the land, but of personal, social and political rest and restoration. This last our lesson describes.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Trace the analogy between the national Jubilee of the Hebrews and the spiritual jubilee promised, and in course of fulfilment in the Gospel dispensation.

NOTES.—THE YEAR OF JUBILEE. "The remarkable feature of this festival was that it restored individuals, families and communities, as far as possible, to the same situation they occupied at the beginning of the fifty years. All servants of Hebrew origin were set free, even those whose ears had been bored in evidence of their free service; all pledges were given up, and the inheritances which had been alienated, no matter how often nor for what cause, came back to the owners. The only exception was in the cases of houses built in walled towns."—Schaff's Bible Dict. There are evident allusions to the Jubilee in Isa. 61: 1, 2; Eze. 7: 12, 13; 46: 16-18.—THUMPET, or cornet. They were made of the horns of oxen or rams, or of metal in a similar shape; were used in the tabernacle and temple service at stated times, as signals in war, to make public announcements, at festivals, etc.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) LIBERTY FOR ALL. (II.) REST FOR THE LAND. (III.) JUSTICE IN TRADE.

I. LIBERTY FOR ALL.—(8-10.) SABBATHS OF YEARS, used for weeks of years, or periods of seven years each, equal to 49 years. This was to date from Israel's entrance into Canaan to possess it, when the whole land was to be divided by lot among the families of Israel; CAUSE THE TRUMPET OF THE JUBILEE TO SOUND, "cause the sound of the loud trumpet to go through" the land. The first sound was probably given by the priests, then taken up by all the people; TENTH DAY OF THE SEVENTH MONTH, 10th of Tisri, the Day of Atonement, probably after the evening sacrifice, see LESSON VI.; PROCLAIM LIBERTY, i.e., to all Hebrew servants; JUBILEE, denotes the sound of the trumpet, from which the expression received its name; RETURN, ... UNTO HIS POSSESSION, the original tract of land obtained by lot, if it had been sold, seized, etc., now reverted to the first Hebrew owner.

II. REST FOR THE LAND.—(11-13.) NOT SOW NEITHER REAP, same as in the sabbatical year. The Jubilee land being on the year after the sixth year the land remained fallow for two years in succession; VINE UNDRESSED, "Nazarite vine," i.e., uncut, unpruned; HOLY, hallowed, set apart; INCREASE, ... OUT OF THE FIELD, natural spontaneous growth, produced without planting, and not harvested, but gathered as needed.

III. JUSTICE IN TRADE.—(14-17.) SELL OUGHT, i.e., of land, during the intervals between the Jubilees; OPPRESS, overreach, take advantage of, in the manner warned against by the tage of, in the manner warned against by the following; ON THE PRINCIPLE laid down in v. 23; ACCORDING TO THE NUMBER, ETC., purchases were to be regulated according to the time that remained until next Jubilee, as no purchase could extend beyond that; the nearer the Jubilee was, the less valuable would the land be; YEARS OF THE FRUITS, in which there were bearing years of the fruits, in which there were bearing years of the subsidial years were to be deducted, i.e., the subsidial years were to be deducted in calculating the value of land; MULTITUDE ..... FEWNESS OF YEARS, intervening between the sale and the next Jubilee; FEAR, reverence for conformity to his righteous will.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) There is an eternal rest prepared for all
Will you enjoy it?

(2.) Are you the servant of sin? Christ offers you liberty.

(3.) No jubilee before atonement; first, freedom from sin through faith, then peace and joy.

(4.) In the final jubilee, all will enter upon eternal possessions.

(5.) Be honest and fair in all your dealings.

Nov. 27.] LESSON IX.

THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS.

Num. 21: 1-9.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 7-9.

1. And when king Arad the Canaanite, which dwelt in the south, heard tell that Israel came by the way of the spies; then he fought against Israel, and took some of them prisoners.

2. And Israel vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If thou wilt indeed deliver this people into my hand, then I will utterly destroy their cities.

3. And the Lord hearkened to the voice of Israel, and delivered up the Canaanites; and they utterly destroyed them and their cities: and he called the name of the place Hormah.

4. And they journeyed from Mount Hor by the way of the Red sea, to compass the land of Edom: and the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way.

5. And the people spake against God, and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.

6. And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died.

7. Therefore the people came to Moses, and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee; pray unto the Lord, that he take away the serpents from us. And Moses prayed for the people.

8. And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole; and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live.

9. And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.—JOHN 3: 14, 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Types and symbols point to Christ.

INTRODUCTORY.—Numbers, the fourth volume of the Pentateuch, so named from the numberings of Israel, in ch. 1 and 26. It contains (1) preparation for, and the march from Sinai to the borders of Canaan, ch. 1-14. (2) Various events and enactments belonging to the period of the wanderings, ch. 15-18. (3) History of the last year in the wilderness, to which our lesson belongs, ch. 20-26.

NOTES.—KING ARAD THE CANAANITE, better "the Canaanite king of Arad." Arad, "place of fugitives," was a Canaanite city, about 20 miles south of Hebron, on a small hill now called Tell-Arad.—THE SOUTH, or Negeb, name of a tract of unfertile country to the south of Canaan.—HORMAH, "Herem" or "the ultimate" by Canaanite name Zephath, "watch-tower," Judg. 1: 17, generally supposed to be near the present extensive ruins of Sebaiteh, about 20 miles north of Kadesh; destroyed after the conquest but rebuilt, 1 Sam. 30: 30.—MT. HOR, "the mountain," the highest, double-peaked mountain of the mountain range, extending nearly from the Dead Sea to the Gulf of Akabah, about midway between these two, and rising about 4,800 feet above the sea level. Aaron died there, Num. 33: 38, &c., and his reputed tomb is still shown.—EDOM, "Red," a fertile, well-watered tract bordering on the Arabian desert, about 30 miles wide and 100 long, extending along the mountain range of Seir or Edom, also called Idumæa.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) GOD'S FAVOR. (II.) ISRAEL'S INGRATITUDE. (III.) PUNISHMENT, PENITENCE AND PARDON.

I. GOD'S FAVOR.—(1-3.) KING ARAD, &C.; THE SOUTH, see Notes; THE WAY OF THE SPIES, i.e., through the desert of Zin, the north-eastern part of the wilderness of Paran, west of Edom; THE ROUND SEA, through the deep rocky valley of the Akabah, extending from the Dead Sea to the gulf of Akabah, the north-eastern arm of the Red Sea, bounding the western base of the mountains of Seir; COMPASS, &C., avoid going around, because Edom had forbidden Israel to pass through their territory, 20: 20, 21; EDOM, see Notes; SOUL, spirits, the people themselves; DISCOURAGED, "shortened," i.e., grieved, distressed; LOATHETH, "nauseates," travelling through the Akabah, a bleak desert intensely hot, furnishing but little food or water, and subject to the burning sirocco, was a small hardship; BROUGHT US UP..... TO DIE, their old cry of ungrateful impatience and complaint; NO BREAD, no natural food; LIGHT BREAD, a term of contempt not justly applicable to the nutritious manna which God still supplied them, and which had nourished them nearly 40 years.

II. PUNISHMENT, PENITENCE AND PARDON.—(6-9.)—FIERY SERPENTS, so called perhaps from the inflammatory effects of their bite, though a large serpent has been found in the Akabah marked with fiery red spots and stripes. Sinai abounds in venomous serpents; THEREFORE, &C., Israel recognized the punishment of God for their ingratitude; PRAY, Moses' intercession had so often before proved effective they ask for it again; MAKE THEE A FIERY SERPENT, i.e., one resembling those that attacked the people. For the typical meaning, see John 3: 14, &c.; WHEN HE LOOKETH, the look implied faith, and absolute dependence on God for cure, as for everything else; BRASS, or bronze.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) Only with God's help can we overcome our foes.

(2.) Our life's pilgrimage is full of hardships, but God supplies all grace to sustain under them.

(3.) Be patient, persevering, full of hope, and never ungrateful.

(4.) Despise not God's gifts.

(5.) Sin is in the world to attack; we must look to Christ to conquer.

(6.) Repent, believe, and live.

WHAT WE OWE TO POOR CHILDREN.

The world owes some of its richest treasures to those who were deemed unfortunate in youth, and who looked to others at that unsheltered period for pity, protection, and help.

Our country was discovered by Columbus. He was a hard-worked boy, and often knew the need of sufficient food. We owe our freedom of religion, which has made our institutions what they are, to Luther. The Reformer once sung ballads in the street to procure the means of an education. Our advances in sciences started with Franklin; yet the inventor ate his penny roll in the city of Philadelphia when a lad, and knew what it was to feel all alone in the world. We owe the beginning of our cotton mills to Sir Richard Arkwright. He was the youngest of a poor family of thirteen children, and his father was a barber. Our noble President, Abraham Lincoln, ate the bread of hardship in childhood, and went as poorly clad as the humblest child in the streets of any country village to-day.

The greatest missionary of the century was Dr. Livingstone. He learned Latin from a book on his loom while at work, and he once said proudly on completing his education, "I never had a dollar that I did not earn."

Prof. Heyne, one of the greatest scholars that Germany or the world ever produced, was a penniless child. "Want," said he, "was the companion of my childhood. I well remember my mother's distress when without food for her children. I have seen her on a Saturday evening weeping and wringing her hands as she returned home, having been unable to sell the goods that my father had made." A kind family helped him in his distress at school, and in so doing honored themselves and their country in a way of which they did not dream.

Some forty years ago, there lived in one of the country towns of New York a slender little factory-girl. She speaks of her early recollections of "noise and filth, bleeding hands, sore feet and a very sad heart." She says, "I used often to rise at two o'clock in the morning, and do the washing for the family." She found friends. That girl was Emily Chubbuck Judson.

He who protects, assists, educates friendless children makes the best contribution to the future that human resource can find. He builds himself a monument, not in marble but in influence. Time will call him blessed when the moss is filling the letters of his cenotaph. He lives for ends that do not terminate in himself.—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

CHILDREN'S TREASURES.

It is idle to suppose that children will of necessity love their homes, simply because there they eat, sleep and dwell. Father and mother are there, and there centre the interests of the young lives, it is true, but as boys and girls grow beyond infancy, they begin to have cravings of their own, and to show their separate individualities. Wise parents plan to make their children happy and satisfied at home. They do not take the happiness and satisfaction too much for granted, nor do they leave it to accident wholly, whether or not the house is pleasant in its atmosphere and ways.

There should be room in every household for the children's treasures. If a room can be set aside for the boys' tools, their printing-presses, scroll-saws, &c., so much the better. Boys who have in-door occupations which charm them will not be restless and eager for the street, all the time, when school hours are over. Boys and girls should be encouraged to make collections of birds' eggs, ores, postage-stamps, curiosities of wood and field, pressed ferns and flowers, shells from the seaside and quartz from the mountain, bits of bark, relics of mound-builders and Indian hunters, old coins, newspapers and books of a by-gone day, and other like things, which young people prize. She is a foolish mother who frowns on these things because they take space in the house or make a little confusion there. Swiftly ah! far too swiftly we think when we grow older, our little ones are reaching upward to maturity. While they are young and can be moulded, is it not the mother's duty to cultivate in them a love of nature, a love of study, a love of the beautiful, and this not by undue restraint, or pettish fault-finding, but by allowing them delights at home under her own eye. These collections quietly going on in farm houses and town residences are affording inquisitive young folks just the opportunities they need for finding out many bits of geographical and historical information, which lie out of the beaten track of the text-book, and which would never be discovered in the recitation-room. They are essential parts in home education.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A WORD IN SEASON.

The time of the year has come when the readers of the MESSENGER usually renew their efforts to increase its already large subscription list. We hope that our friends will begin their work early this year. The year has been one of great prosperity throughout Canada and the United States and we expect that the MESSENGER will participate in the good times.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the International Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get instead a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N.Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and subscribers.

TERMS.—THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—1 copy, 30c; 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11.50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS $3.00 a year post-paid.

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.10 a year, post-paid.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

EPPS'S COCOA.—Grateful and comforting.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in packets and tins (1/2lb and 1lb) labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England."—Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoon use.

A GREAT CENT'S WORTH.

From 10 to 100 sample copies of the NORTHERN MESSENGER AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION (assorted numbers) will be sent free to any sunday-school making application through one of its officials by Postal Card, or in other manner the number to be asked for corresponding to the number of families in the school.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by John Dougal & Son, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.